

"Two Fisted Frank," Daredevil

Another of "The Devil's Darning Needle" Series, the Story of a Man Who When Drunk Performed a Feat That Won Him a Name and Fame.

By HENRY M. NEELY, Author of "The Darning Needle Stings," "The Fourth Finger," etc.

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(Continued from yesterday.)

SAYVILLE reached up and took a handful of letters from the shelf. They were all neatly directed and stamped. The aviator shuffled them over, his eyes falling upon the same name on each—"Mrs. Mary E. Dougherty"—with the street address in Tol-

Savings Certificates Sold on Easy Payment Plan

\$100 Savings Certificates are issued by this strong Bank and sold on the easy payment plan of \$2 a week for fifty weeks, and the

Bank Makes the First Payment For You

Hundreds of these Savings Certificates have been sold in the past few months—hundreds of people have appreciated the fact that not only are these Savings Certificates a wise investment, but an easy, sure way to save \$100. Investigate this Plan. Call or write for further information.

RIO GRANDE VALLEY BANK & TRUST CO.

INFLAMED ECZEMA ON CHILD'S FACE

Spread All Over Nose and Mouth. Itched and Burned. Child Very Fretful. Badly Disfigured.

HEALED BY CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

"My little girl had eczema on her face. The trouble first started on her upper lip by a small pimple breaking out just under her nose, and afterward it spread all over her nose and mouth and formed a black scale. Every time she would cry it would burst open and bleed. It itched and burned causing her to scratch and irritate her face. The trouble caused the child to be very fretful and restless at night, and she was badly disfigured."

"Then we used Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and after using them for one month, the eruption all disappeared." (Signed) J. C. Houston, Evans, Ky., July 14, 1915.

Sample Each Free by Mail With 25-p. Skin Book on request. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston." Sold throughout the world.

A CORRECTIOIN:

Saturday's Herald Contained an Advertisement for Kansas City Life Insurance Co., Which Read:

The Company has introduced in Texas a new line of LOW NET COST non-participating policies which in addition to the standard policy provisions:

It Should Have Read:

The Company has introduced in Texas a new line of LOW NET COST non-participating policies which contain in addition to the standard policy provisions:

- (Total Disability). A Total Disability benefit, which provides: (a) Should insured become disabled from bodily injury or disease, all premiums due thereafter during the continuance of disability will be waived and not charged as a lien against the policy; or (b) At the insured's option the Company will pay to the insured the amount of the policy in twenty equal annual installments, the first payment to be made immediately upon proof of total disability. Should the insured die before all installments are paid, the balance due on the policy will be paid to the beneficiary in a lump sum; or (c) Should the insured suffer an injury from external, violent and accidental cause, resulting in the loss of both hands, or both feet, or both eyes, or any two members, then in the event the Company will pay to the insured immediately upon proof of such loss the full amount insured under the policy in a lump sum.
- (Double Indemnity). During the premium paying period (not to exceed twenty years), should the insured suffer an injury from external, violent and accidental cause, resulting in death, within ninety days from date of injury, the Company will pay the beneficiary double the amount of the policy.
- (Exchange Benefit). At the expiration of the premium paying period the insured may EXCHANGE the policy for a PARTICIPATING policy of a like amount, upon which the Company will pay an ANNUAL CASH DIVIDEND during its continuance thereafter.

ORVILLE THORP, State Manager
304-5-6-7-8 Wilson Building. Dallas, Texas

C. M. DAVIS, District Manager
724 Mills Bldg., El Paso, Texas.

Sayville went to the barracks hospital and gave him the key the first day the patient was allowed to have a visitor. Frank took it without a word but there was a shamefaced expression in his eyes as he turned away from the aviator and tucked the key under his pillow.

He limped, in time, from the hospital and hobbled about the grounds but, from some reason, he kept himself away from hangar 12. Sayville noticed this and smiled to himself. Then, as the days passed and Frank's strength grew, his old habits began to come back to him. And there came the time when one of the mechanics hurried to Sayville with the warning that the big man had locked himself in hangar 12 and was raving and ranting and down inside, cursing horribly and that all signs pointed to another debacle. The aviator ordered out a school machine and went around to the hangar door.

"Oh, Frank," he called. "I want you to go up with me!"

"The hell will," growled Dougherty. "Don't want to—ah!" Sayville's voice was not a bit perturbed.

"—and ain't going to."

"Lost your nerve? I don't blame you much. I've seen better men than you get afraid after an accident."

Two fisted Frank came stamping to the door. He stood glowering at Sayville with a thunder cloud of fury upon his brow. But Sayville's face was a bland smile that was all innocence.

"What's that you said?" demanded Dougherty.

"I said it's too bad the accident made you lose your nerve. A lot of people here will say it is cowardice. But I've seen it often—men becoming afraid after."

"Say, listen! There ain't another man in the station I'd let say that to me. But you're a white man and a real aviator and you're different. But don't go too far. I ain't afraid of all the machines and all the men this side of hell and the quicker you get that idea inside your head the better it'll be for you. Don't you think, because you're an officer, I'm afraid to talk to you the way I want to. I'll talk to any man anywhere I damn please and if he don't like it, he can jump it. Now, what're you going to do about it?"

Sayville shrugged with easy indifference.

"Nothing," he said. "I don't care what you do. Only I am always sorry to see a good man lose his nerve."

Frank Dougherty started so say something violent, stopped for want of adequate words, glared at Sayville in blank astonishment at his recklessness and then, flushing a deep purple, cried:

"Say, you suit! I'll show you who's afraid and who ain't! Where's your damned machine?"

"On the field."

"Where're you going to fly to?" (Continued tomorrow.)

Bedtime Story For the Little Ones

"Uncle Wiggly and Peter Piper."

By HOWARD B. GARIS.

UNCLE WIGGLY LONGEARS, the rabbit gentleman, was hopping along across a green field. The field was not very green, but was just beginning to show a little green grass and clover, for, as yet, spring had not fully arrived.

"But still I may find a few green things growing that I can eat or take to Sammie and Susie Littlebell, the bunny children," thought Mr. Longears, as he hopped on. He was not very happy, for he was not very green, and Uncle Wiggly felt happy because his rheumatism did not pain him.

"And when summer comes it will not hurt me at all," he said.

The rabbit gentleman was wondering where he was, when all at once, he saw, climbing over the fence, a boy dressed in a green suit, wearing a red cap and with blue shoes on his feet.

"Ha! He is a funny looking chap!" thought the bunny uncle. "I think he must be one of Mother Goose's friends. I'll ask him."

"Oh, how do you do, Uncle Wiggly?" asked the queer boy. "Yes, indeed, I'm one of the many children of Mother Goose, to whom you have been so kind. I'm Peter Piper."

"Are you any relation to Tom-Tom, the Piper's son?" asked Uncle Wiggly.

"Yes, I'm his cousin. But I had nothing to do with taking the pie. Tom-Tom did that himself. But if you please, I have a riddle for you to guess."

"A riddle? Come, that's good! I like riddles. Tell it to me."

"Then the queer boy stood up straight and recited this:

"Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers. A peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked. If Peter Piper picked

a peck of pickled peppers, where is the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?"

"Oh my!" cried Uncle Wiggly. "That's a hard one. Let me think. Now, Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers."

Uncle Wiggly tried again:

"Picked Peter Piper a peck of Piper's pickers."

"Oh, dear, not wrong again!" laughed Peter. "Now, once more, say the last part first, and perhaps it will come easier to you."

So Uncle Wiggly said:

"Where is the peck of pickled Peters' pickers?"

"I'm afraid you can't say it," said Peter gently.

"I'm afraid so myself," said Uncle Wiggly. "I shall try again. I make my tongue all twisted and hurts my funny bones! Give up. What's the answer? Where are the peppers?"

"Here they are!" exclaimed Peter, and from behind his back he held out a peck of pickled peppers. "That's the only way you can pick a time of year."

"I'm taking them to Mrs. Whibblewobble, the duck lady, she mixes them with corn meal and fries them."

"I'll go with you," spoke Uncle Wiggly. "I haven't seen Alice and Lula and Jimmie Whibblewobble in some time."

So the bunny uncle and Peter Piper picked their way across the field toward the duck lady's house. More than once Uncle Wiggly tried to say the riddle, but his tongue grew more and more twisted until he was walking sideways instead of forwards. So he gave it up.

He and Peter Piper had not gone very far before Peter's shoelaces came loose and he stooped down behind a big stone to tie it—the lace, I mean, not the stone. And while he was doing this along came the big old fox who had not bothered Uncle Wiggly in some time.

"Ah, ha!" cried the fox, showing his teeth. "This is the time I have you, Mr. Longears! I was just wondering what I would eat for dinner, but now I know. It shall be you!"

"Me?" asked Uncle Wiggly, curious like and wondering.

"Yes, you. Get ready for dinner! My dinner!" snarled the fox.

Uncle Wiggly thought quickly. He did not want to be a dinner for the fox, so he said:

"Before you eat would you not like to guess a riddle?"

"Yes," said the fox. "I would. What is it?"

"And do you promise not to eat me until you guess it?" asked Uncle Wiggly.

"I do," said the fox. But that will not save you, for I can guess any riddle that ever was," and he snuffed up his tail round like a snake.

"Then guess this," said Uncle Wiggly, and now he had no trouble saying Peter Piper picked the peck of pickled peppers. Where is the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?" suddenly asked Uncle Wiggly of the fox. The bad animal thought for a second and then he said:

"If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers. A peck of Peter's pickers."

"Oh, no!" laughed Uncle Wiggly. "You're a bit twisted. Try again." The fox did so.

"Papper Peter, pecked a pit of piddled peppers."

"Worse than ever," said the bunny uncle. "I think you've just found it as easy as you thought. Once more, please, and try it a bit slower."

The fox growled and said:

"A peck of pepper's Peters did peckle pickle." Oh, I can't guess your old

SCHOOL DAYS

Copyright, 1914, by CLARE VICTOR DWIGGINS.

By DWIG



HOGWALLOW NEWS



Dunk Botts, Regular Correspondent.

(Copyright 1915, Adams Syn.)

(George Hingham.)

MISS PUZZIE ALLSPOT spent Tuesday morning at the home of Miss Hostetter blocks in an effort to find out what Miss Hostetter paid for her new hat.

The wife of Slim Flinders has been so hoarse that she could not speak above a whisper for the past few days. Until she gets to talking out loud again, Slim will not wear cotton in his ears.

Prof. Sap Spradlin says the reason lead is heavy is that there is so much of it in a small piece.

Dock Hocks, during his leisure moments yesterday, was wondering what Daniel Boone did for chewing tobacco.

But Smith, congressional and accommodation proprietor of the Moonshine still on Muskrat Ridge, has announced to his many customers and friends that hereafter he will keep the front door of his place locked on Sunday, to comply with the request of the deputy constable.

The spring term of school at the Wild Onion school house will begin within a short time, or just as soon as the complete winter term. The pupils are all learning so fast that many of them have had to quit for awhile.

A man with a case of small pox arrived in Hogwallow yesterday and a good sized crowd gathered at the post-office to extend to him their sympathy. Aside from that of the Wild Onion school teacher, this is the first case of this disease seen around here and the man is rapidly spreading into prominence.

Slim Pickens has entered society and since doing so has put insect powder on his nose and greases his buggy with vaseline.

Things are expected to get active around here as soon as the snakes and fleas begin to arrive again.

A rabbit was tried under the post-office Tuesday morning and the building was raised high enough for Dock Hocks to crawl under.

The Hog Ford church has a new member in the person of Pit Smith. Another seat will not be added, however, until it is seen that he is going to stick.

Prof. Sap Spradlin will deliver an address on the South Pole next Saturday at the Wild Onion school house.

"Riddle!" snarled the fox. "I'm going to eat you anyhow! What do I care about the pecked pickers?"

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